

## STRANGE AS A HAGGARD TALE

Was It Murder, or Simply a Vision  
Born of Acute Religious Excitement?A Weird Tale to the Effect that Mrs. Hattie  
Cox Confessed to Being Implicated in a  
Murder Committed in Cincinnati.It Is Alleged that the Confession Was  
Brought About by a Religious Dream.Mrs. Cox Denies that She Made Such a Confession,  
but the Evidence Is Corroborated by  
Several Persons—Detectives at Work.

## HERE'S A STRANGE STORY.

Young Woman Confesses to Murder Under  
Powers of Religious Excitement.

The Journal to-day relates a story from real life, in which are interwoven love, conspiracy, crime, remorse and revelation. There is a young couple in Haughville, living under the name of Albert Cox and wife, whose surname is Hattie. This young wife is said to have confessed to a remarkable murder story which runs thus, as told by the Journal's informant:

"Two years ago they were lovers in Cincinnati. The girl, who is not yet past twenty years of age and is pretty, had another suitor, a man of middle age, a widower and well-to-do. He paid assiduous court, directly as far as the girl permitted and indirectly through the parents, who were partial to him owing to his lavish expenditure of money in the way of presents, etc. The home life of the daughter was, therefore, in a cloud. Faithfulness to her heart's own desire combated with filial duty. It became a case of Polydora. The parents saw an easier life for themselves in the union of the daughter to the rich suitor, whose grown children seemed no obstacle in their way. A mortgage lay upon their property. The rich suitor promised that it should be lifted, if the daughter would bestow her hand upon him.

It may well be supposed that the youthful lovers talked over the influence that threatened their marriage. The younger suitor was driven from the house, and the young woman forbidden to receive his company. It was an act with an unforeseen and dreadful sequence, as the story will show. Jealousy and hatred were its fruits in the heart of the rebuffed suitor, and the demons united to beguile—murder. The lovers grew desperate, and resolved not to permit the will of the selfish parent to be carried out. They were resolved to run away. But that would take money.

## MURDER DECIDED UPON.

The evil spirit that was raging in the young lover's breast devised an awful scheme to obtain a supply of money. It occurred to him that the richer suitor should himself pay the forfeit of money and his life. It was no easy matter to persuade the daughter to agree to such a course, but every influence that the heart of man can bring to bear upon the heart of woman was used, and it won. It was agreed that she should seem to accept the offer of the elder suitor in consideration of \$1,000 and should make an agreement with him to meet him on the Ludlow-street bridge. The money was to be paid her there. The reason to be given for such a place of meeting was that it would afford her freedom from the pursuit of Cox, who, she told the other, was forcing himself upon her whenever she left her house.

Late one June night two figures were seen to approach from either side, and they met at the middle of the bridge. It was a dark night, and 11 o'clock. The star-light was partly obscured by clouds, and the only sound was the swishing of the waters of the muddy Ohio below.

"Is that you, Hattie?" said a voice. "Yes, have you the money? I can't be sure unless you keep your word."

"Very well, dear. You will find me true. Here it is. I could not raise quite all, but here is \$857. Will not be enough for the present? Will you pay me the balance soon. Will you keep your word?"

"She hesitated a moment, and seemed to be about to refuse. It was a fearful moment to her. Her courage seemed to be vanquished in a flash. She caught herself, set her teeth and burst out an impulsive 'Yes.'"

## THE SIGNAL WAS A COUGH.

She coughed. It was a prearranged signal for the conspiracy to reach its climax. Cox rushed forward from a shadowy nook, and struck the victim a cruel blow with a Lynch-pin on the head. He was a railroad brakeman, and the heavy bar was handled with fearful effect. There was no scream, and the fall of the body made no sound.

"Quick," exclaimed Cox, "over the side with him," and there were muffled oaths as both took the body and whirled it into the river below. It meant a watery death, if indeed the hideous deed had not done its work. The guilty couple did not stop to watch the plunge of the body, but hurried back to the city. No one saw them on the bridge, and their secret seemed safe.

## THE CONFESSION COMES.

Cox and the girl soon came to this city. They settled in Stringtown. Cox obtained employment on the Peoria division of the Big Four, and he and his wife known, went to boarding at John A. Barrett's, on Springfield street. He was absent a great deal of time from home, and his wife soon became well known among the women of the neighborhood, her mode of living giving her much time to visit. It is a religious locality, and the people are of the character of those who follow Mrs. Woodworth's peculiar style of evangelism.

A protracted meeting began with the year, under the preaching of Rev. Smith, a man with a strong voice and a capacity for exhorting and praying. The people of the community assembled night after night. Great excitement prevailed at times, and men and women of emotional natures would occasionally fall into trances. The altar was a popular place. The multitude was seemingly rushing to the mercy seat. Her neighbors were all deeply concerned about their souls, and Mrs. Cox became a regular attendant at the meetings.

## SHE SEEMED POSSESSED.

Mrs. Cox went to the altar, but she could find no peace, no rest. That which came to so many at her side, and so easily, was denied her.

One night the preacher dwelt upon the necessity of confession of sins as the only way to obtain remission. Her soul seemed to be racked. Her sobs and cries from the altar bench were distressing. A friend, a Mrs. Poisel, who lived near Mrs. Barrett's, went and knelt by her side. She is a very devout woman, fluent in prayer, and seemingly rich in faith. She knelt by the young woman's stricken side, and began a prayer for the latter's peculiar needs. It was an appeal to bless with remission of sins, to soften stony hearts, to break stubborn wills. It was a long supplication, and had reached a high point of earnestness. The pinnacles of prayer seem to have carried her into a region where natural conditions did not altogether hamper.

"Oh, Lord God," she cried out, "show me why this soul here cannot be forgiven and end these. Show, Oh, Lord, thy power!" Thus proceeded the supplication for a brief moment longer and those whose at-

tention might have been diverted from other like scenes to this, might have noticed in Mrs. Poisel's words a frightened look overspread her face, and her body seemed palsied for a moment. What had happened? Had her prayer been answered? She did not choose to show the cause of her evident excitement, and brought her prayer to a close. She arose from the altar and went home deeply troubled in mind. The meeting came to its customary close. Mrs. Cox was not blessed.

## NO SLEEP FOR HER.

But there was no sleep for Mrs. Poisel. What could it all mean, she asked herself a thousand times, and she resorted to secret prayer for relief. That moment of excitement in her prayer for Mrs. Cox had presented a scene of horror. The figure of a middle-aged man, well dressed, but with a gory wound in his head, had been pictured to her mind. Was it the work of deity or devil? "Great Father of Jesus," she cried, "can that vision have come to my prayer? What can that young soul have to do with foul murder? It was too, too horrible, but it clung to her through the weary night. She gladly went to bed, and yet it brought no light that could dissipate the gloom of her mind.

Her breakfast was over she sent for Mrs. Cox, and took her alone to her own room upstairs. She would ask for an explanation. Should be heard a scream. It meant some soul believed it was blessed. The leader strikes up a hallelujah song, and all, for a time, is lost in its lusty strains. It comes to an end with some brother straying a prayer, which soon reaches the climax of strength and pitch of the supplicant's voice. Next a shriek pierces the air, and all eyes are turned on the one bench. It is one of the women falling in a trance. Let her alone. It is one of the events of such meetings. She is feeling the power. When Mrs. Woodworth is present with her sympathetic voice and fiery eye, and with magnetic arms motioning sinners over the heads of the people, it is no uncommon thing to see three, or four, or more in trances, and many others professing to be healed. Her imitators are not so successful. Trances are common, but faith healings are not so frequent.

These meetings no longer occur. They came to an end about two months ago through a personal conflict between the preacher, whose name is Smith, and one of the brothers, father of a convert, twelve years of age and a boy. The meeting was largely devoted to testimony as to personal experiences. When it came the lad's turn he arose and said: "I want to be religious and I believe in doing right, but I don't believe a preacher ought to borrow a gas-burner and send home another and then lie about it."

This declaration caused a sensation, as might be supposed. The reference was to a domestic incident to the effect that the preacher had borrowed a No. 7 burner and had returned a No. 8, declaring that it was the one he borrowed. The minister was highly offended and rebuked the young convert with asperity. The latter's father took his part and the disputants came to blows. A division of the congregation resented and the interest in the meetings died out. Now the building is being torn down.

## A PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATION.

The Sons of America Hold a Meeting—  
New Officers Elected.

The Patriotic Sons of America of this district met in this city yesterday for the purpose of considering the general interests of the order and electing district officers for the ensuing year. The following were chosen as officers: Past president, Edward Christian, Shelbyville; vice-president, G. L. Reeves, Columbus; master of forms, E. L. Loring, Shelbyville; conductor, J. Buchanan, city; recording secretary, Hugh S. Byrkit, city; inspector, B. M. Spinner, city; guard, W. H. Ford, city; treasurer, E. M. Williams, city.

The district president, who was the presiding officer of the meeting, is Carl M. Brown, of this city. This district has 2,000 members in the State, divided among thirty-three camps. The camps of this district, No. 7, consist of No. 8, of Columbus, No. 31 of Shelbyville, and No. 10, of this city, with a total membership of seven hundred, of which Columbus has one hundred, Shelbyville sixty-five and the balance in this city. Resolutions were passed commending the elevated purposes of the order and praying for a change of ritualistic work from one to three degrees.

## A BOLD HIGHWAYMAN.

He Attacks a Motorman and Conductor in  
North Indianapolis.

Pat Fitzgerald, conductor of motor-car No. 152, says that just as he was leaving North Indianapolis last night a small man got on the car and attacked him with a pair of brass knuckles. Fitzgerald also says that about the time the fellow started to attack the motorman that another man boarded the car and pulling a knife from his pocket jumped between the motorman and his assailant and exclaimed:

"If you strike that man I will cut your throat," his remarks being addressed to the fellow who had the knuckles. The fellow then jumped off the car and got away. Fitzgerald says he thinks he was a highwayman.

## WOLF LEFT WITH A PATHETIC NOTE.

Friday night a male infant was found on the steps of the Lutheran Orphan's Home on East Washington street. It was well wrapped up and snugly enclosed in a cotton market basket. In the basket was found the following note:

Kind Friends—I am giving this to your keeping. I have a little boy and I may never see him again; but I pray to one who knoweth and doeth all things well, to watch over and protect my dear one and make him a good and useful man. One favor only I would ask of you: that you will send him to the orphan's home on Thursday, April 7, 1892.

His mother.

No clue to the parentage of the waif could be found, but during the day a woman was seen to get off a car with a basket in her arm.

## TORTURING ECZEMA.

Editor Iowa Plain Dealer Cured of Insufferable Itching and Pain by  
Cuticura Remedies.

No Less Than Five Physicians Consulted.  
Treated Without Benefit.

I am sixty-six years old. In August, 1889, was troubled with the peculiar skin disease to which people of my age are subject, known among medical men as eczema. It was very near the ankles. It rapidly extended over the lower extremities until my legs were nearly one raw sore; from the trouble extended across the hips, shoulders and the entire length of the arms, the legs and arms greatly swollen with an itching, burning pain, without cessation. Although the best medical advice obtainable was given me, and I had been treated by physicians of the place being consulted and the disease continued, the itching and burning, and the disease, though apparently checked, would recur in a few days as bad as ever during the process my weight fell away about twenty-five pounds. As an experiment I began the use of Cuticura, following the directions given in the instructions given with the Remedies, and in four weeks found myself well, with skin soft and natural in color, the itching and pain entirely relieved.

W. R. MEAD.

Editor Iowa Plain Dealer, Cresco, Ia.

## Cuticura Resolvent.

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, internally to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus remove the cause of Eczema, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin cleanser, externally to destroy the itching, burning and restore the skin to its normal condition, cure every humor and disease of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, whether itching, burning, scaly, pimply and blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c; Soap, 25c; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

## Free From Rheumatism.

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatism, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest and muscular pains, and all other weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing plaster.

personal appeals would have their usual effect with such natures. The meetings would usually start with a very striking hymn, whose sonorous refrain ran as follows:

"The power,  
The power,  
The power that Jesus promised"

This is repeated time after time in a weird melody that makes its impression upon everybody. The singers keep time with swinging of the body. The leaders break out in words of appeal, heard above the strains of the song and refrain: "Come, oh, you sinners!" "Jesus says come!" "God, have mercy upon these sin-burdened souls!" "Just be praised!" Such are the exclamations that feed the mind with thoughts of eternity. Those who are moved are deeply moved, and those who are not touched are apt to treat the scene in a scoffing way as if ridiculous. It takes not more than fifteen or twenty minutes of such songs and prayers, with a Scripture reading, to produce the most excited state of mind. The sin-stricken flock to the altar, and on bended knees with utter indifference to the surroundings, begin to appeal for divine mercy. The prayers and supplications are blindfold, tears filled the eyes and the most susceptible to deep emotion pass through all the stages of emotion to a state of rigid muscles. Some fall prostrate to the floor, and others continue in the pleading posture, with listless eyes, seemingly occupied with their own thoughts. Occasionally in the meeting would be heard a scream. It meant some soul believed it was blessed. The leader strikes up a hallelujah song, and all, for a time, is lost in its lusty strains. It comes to an end with some brother straying a prayer, which soon reaches the climax of strength and pitch of the supplicant's voice. Next a shriek pierces the air, and all eyes are turned on the one bench. It is one of the women falling in a trance. Let her alone. It is one of the events of such meetings. She is feeling the power. When Mrs. Woodworth is present with her sympathetic voice and fiery eye, and with magnetic arms motioning sinners over the heads of the people, it is no uncommon thing to see three, or four, or more in trances, and many others professing to be healed. Her imitators are not so successful. Trances are common, but faith healings are not so frequent.

## SHE MAKES A CONFESSION.

The tired girl then seemed to find a relief she had never known before in the confession of this strange story. Mrs. Poisel was herself relieved to find an explanation for her mission, but found a new distress in the responsibility of such a secret. She was as sympathetic, however, as she could be, and sent Mrs. Cox home feeling better.

That happened three months since, and it is not within reason to expect that such an experience could be held within bounds. To preserve it within one's self seemed to be stain with the guilt. Mrs. Poisel, who had never told her friend, Mrs. Cox, confessed to others, and the story is now neighborhood talk. It is said Mrs. Cox professed religion after her confession. But she has never told her maiden name, nor the name of the victim of the conspiracy. In this particular there are important points of testimony yet to be found. It is a question whether the body was ever found. Rivers, like consciences, as a rule throw up their secrets, and it is supposed the Ohio has proved no exception. On June 23 last, a body was found at North Bend, on the Ohio river. It answers the description of the man who figured in this narration, but it was never identified, and was buried by the township. Able detectives of Cincinnati have been at work upon the evidence in their possession, and hope by this publication, even though it frightens the game, to find a definite clue to the relative victim, if there was a victim. Whether Mrs. Cox's confession was a true tale, or whether it was simply a freak of religious fanaticism only time can tell.

## MRS. COX INTERVIEWED.

She Denies Both Murder and Confession—  
Barrett's Confirmation.

A Journal reporter had an interview with young Mrs. Cox, at 3 o'clock this morning, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Barrett, No. 23 Springfield street, in that part of the West Side known as Stringtown. It was with considerable difficulty that Mr. Barrett was induced to permit his wife to wake the young woman up.

"What is it, mister," she asked, opening slightly a door leading into the front room. "Is it something concerning me?" she asked, when told that it was in regard to a proposed publication. She was told that it concerned people very near to her. "Well," she replied, "wait till I get dressed."

"Now you can step in," she said a moment later. The reporter went in, and she closed the door. He briefly told the story of the supposed murder, as having come from Cincinnati. "Why, mister," she interrupted, before he had proceeded far, "I don't know anything about it!" There was no demonstration on her part further than a worried look, which was no indication of either guilt or innocence. "No, sir," said she when the story was finished, "I didn't do anything of that kind, and I wouldn't do any such a thing."

"Do you mind telling me where you resided before you came here?" asked the reporter.

"What do you want to know that for?" she asked quickly.

"In order to publish it, and thus show the impossibility of your having been the woman concerned in it," he said.

"Well, if you want to know where I used to live, I used to live in Loveland, O."

"Near Cincinnati?"

"It's twenty-seven miles from Cincinnati."

After one or two other inquiries she turned the question. "What was the name of the murdered man?" she asked. She had the reporter there. "When was this work done?" she asked next.

"Presumably in the latter part of June."

"Well," she said quickly, "I came here June 3. I don't know what I've done that anybody should want to do anything to me."

"When the reporter suggested the confession to Mrs. Poisel."

"Who's she?" asked Mrs. Cox.

"The woman who saw the vision," replied the reporter.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Cox. "I didn't confess anything of the kind. That woman came to me and she said she had seen a vision. I didn't see anything, and I told her so. I told her 'No man,' and it didn't seem to occur to her that the name was in the paper. I was taken to the city. No one saw them on the bridge, and their secret seemed safe."

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## THE MODEL



## The Extraordinary Values

That we are giving in all departments are causing our trade to boom all along the line. We are determined to make April one of the banner months of the Spring. To that end we shall offer this week twenty styles of Men's and Boys'

## TAILOR-MADE SUITS

AT  
\$13.50

Among them you'll find all the new fabrics that are out this Spring. Elegant Cassimeres and Cheviots in all shades, in sacks and frocks—Suits that are equal in every respect to those the tailors sell at \$20 to \$25.

A DRIVE  
ON  
ROLLED PLATE  
CHAINS

\$1.19

Buy a Fine Rolled Plate Gold Chain with this guarantee: All Rolled Plate Chains stamped with the Trade Mark "A. B. C. M." are warranted to wear six years to the perfect satisfaction of the purchaser, otherwise we will replace Chain free of charge. You'll pay \$3 to \$4 for the same quality at any jeweler's.

## PANTS SALE

There's no trouble to sell Pants when you give such value as we are now offering at

\$2.99

Twenty-five styles of first-class Cassimeres and Cheviot Pants to select from.

Base Ball and Bats, Ring Toss, Complete Photographic Outfits or Banjos Given Away With Every Boy's Suit.

## MODEL

## WORLD'S FAIR.

## CARPETS, WALL-PAPER, FURNITURE &amp; STOVES.

House-cleaning time is here. Select your goods while the lines are unbroken. Prices can not possibly be cheaper later on. Never in the history of Indianapolis has House Furnishings been offered at such low prices as we are now giving.

## FINE WALL-PAPER.

See the price. Paper your house now.

1c per roll, good Paper; border half price.

3c per roll, full length White Blanks.

5c per roll, Gold Parlor Papers.

8c per roll, Embossed Gold.

20c Gold Paper for 10c.

30c Gold Paper for 15c.

40c Gold Paper for 20c.